Adrenaline

Joe Budden

(Budden)
GIVE IT AWAY NOW!
L-look look look look look
I can't call it,
I always seem to take one step backward and five steps forward,
nothing to gain, its like everything mortgaged,
ya'll can love me or ya'll won't, go ahead talk shit,
cautious, report shit, live out of hell,
since all my dudes either alive or outta jail,
won't fold, won't curl, no wonder all this weights on my shoulders,
i'm sitting on the bottom of the world,
they say, tears are words that your mouth can't speak,
rubber on every arm could fire but cant reach,
I say, streets learn you what the schools can't teach,
my job is to get a gospel that the church won't preach,
something like a rock star, keep the live band,
just sub my true religions for they're skin tight pants,
ass on my wife, no nice implants,
i mean no accessories, the crime's been an accessory,
it's a thinking man's world, shit is chess to me,
so let the king move mean time, let it be
(Chorus)
(According to Phenom its Drew Hudson, blame him if wrong)
It's the Junk Yard Gang, Drew Hudson repping Jersey,
revers the psyche on life and do the mic dirty,
tired, hungry and thirsty, motherfuck fame,
matter of fact, when this verse ends forget my name,
it's the message, not the man,
the vision, not the plan,
no glits, no glam, just pure connection with the fans,
half your downloads get deleted with the spam,
these dudes keep it so real they come across fake,
straight boring, ignore these wack bastards,
approaching to forwards(?) as frauds(?) is ass backwards,
i just vividly spit it to pick it differently,
rip all the vodka, swig it then pissing on negativity,
the pen is mightier than the trigger,
strike em when I spit,
real catchy huh?, I don't even like that shit,

what I like, a rock flow that's lava, melotic

with a high dose of more(?) fire(?),
the fire and the rain, the fire in my veins is hot,
can't be stopped with fire brigades,
UUUHHHH!
no image, im livin every synonym twisted in this syllable spliff six a them hits ill' leave u lifted
all heart and gut,
feeling the hunts adrenaline rush, come on,
the shits heating up,
(Chrous)
(Budden)
L-Look look
I wear a K as a weapon,
eye in through scope 'case my foes at the top of my stair way to heaven,
and I, pop a big step, dressed in my fly shit,
ipod, headphones on bumping my shit,
i never cared, i was careless,
fear being afraid, OR maybe im afraid to be fearless,
OR fear being fearless but fearful,
so even in my carelessness, got to be careful,
I'm like, who's that looking threw my peephole?,
when did my alter-ego get a ego?,
he wants the rims chrome,
me im trying to push the pedal till my foot's on the ground like a flintstone,
bluetooth, my girl on the horn bickering,
but even though when she scream, i hear it like whispering,
i been around noise all my life,
i've been poised baby all my life,
just let me live my life,
live yours, make your own highlight,
then, meet me at the top like a butterfly knife,
then, learn how to see without eyesight,
if, at first you don't succeed then try twice,
see I don't write it I will it, reel it, real shit,
paint a masterpeice then unveil it.
come i'm 'bout to reveal it,
destroy it, rebuild it,
conceal it, before another nigga steals it,
milk shit, not a pessimist, im a realist,
when you think you on, I go and hit the killswitch,
Drummer rockin, he's ill bitch,
if they sleep dont wake em just drill shit(?)
see i'm something they got to deal with,

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